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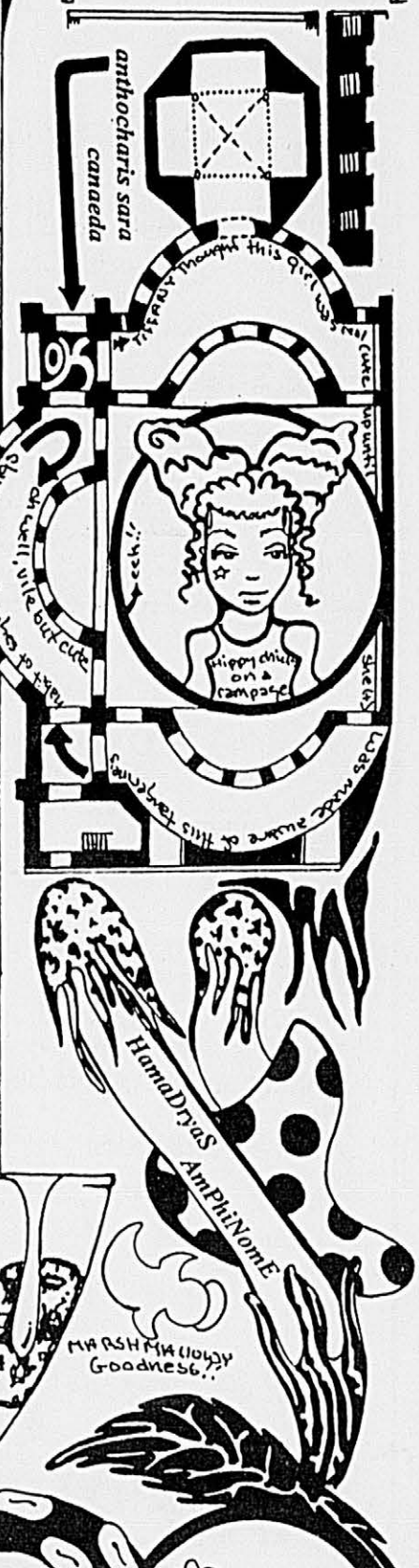
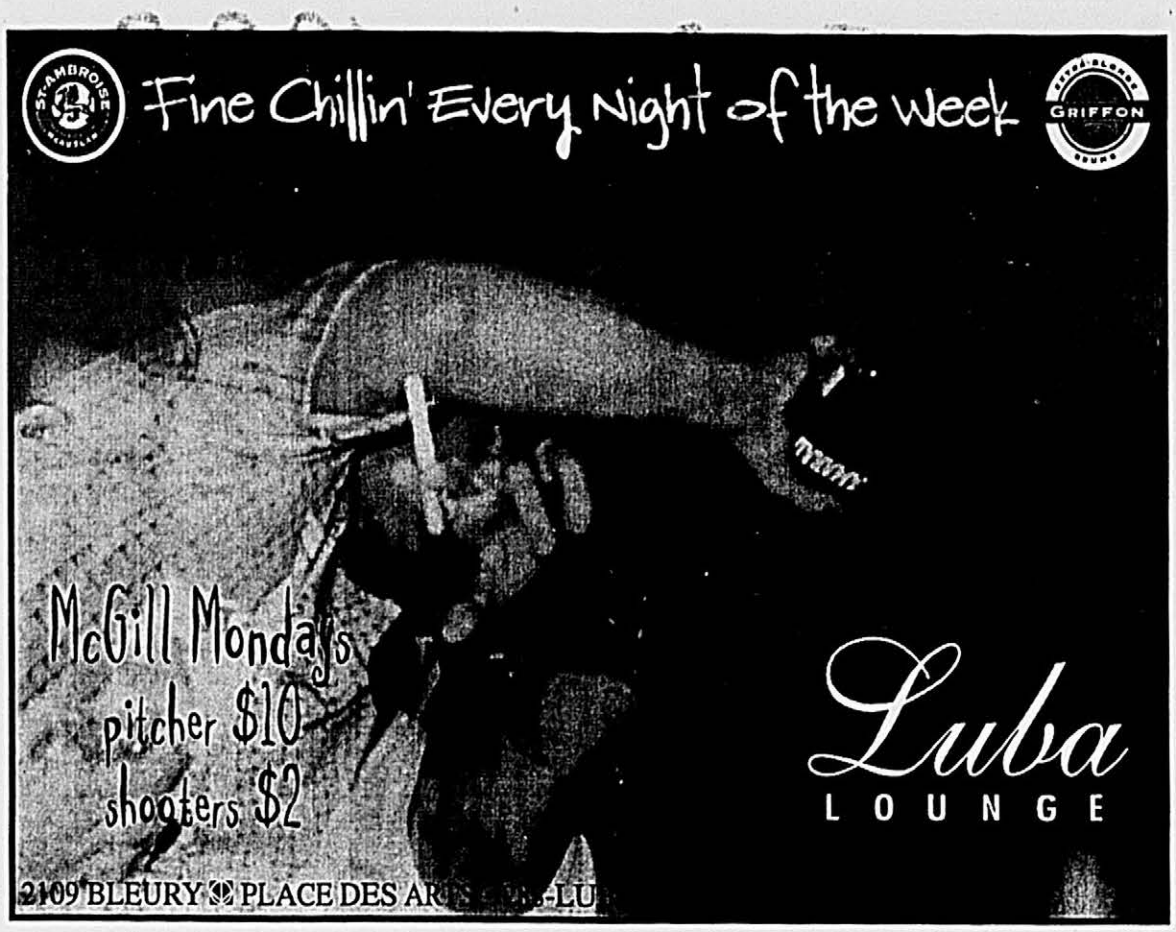


The Hot readheads of Mcgill: even though i have come to the sad conclusion that i can't draw real people at all, here is my Rubric of ruddy Prairie Dawns. tee hee

THE MCGILL DAILY CULTURE
Volume 88, Issue 20 October 29, 1998

laura levin is sure one hot little number but i'm pretty tired of trying to draw people now, oh



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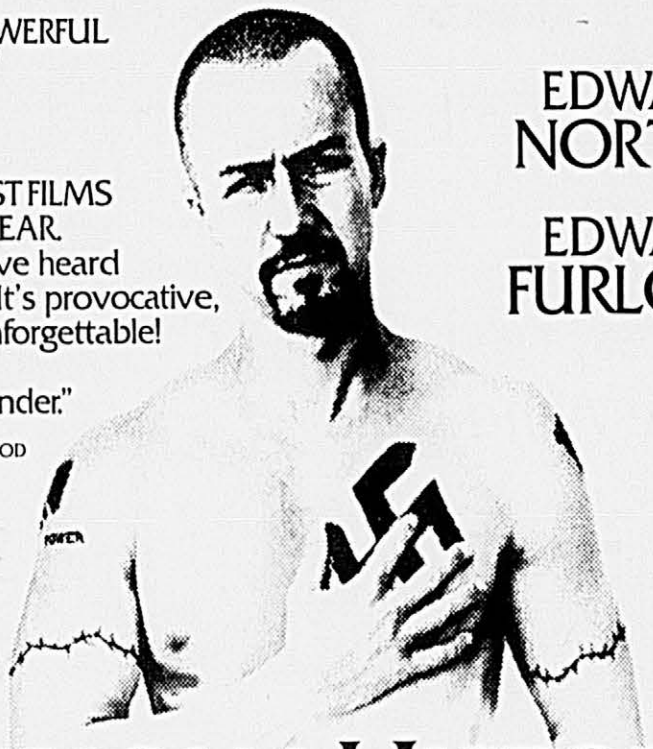

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radical publisher or anarchist poseur?

October 19, 1998

Much to my dismay, I read in last week's *Culture* issue a glowing article on the "radical publisher" Dimitrios Roussopoulos, owner of Black Rose Books. Another activist told me about the article, describing it as a "puff piece for Dimitri."

I would go much further: The journalist that wrote the piece apparently didn't speak to any local anarchists about Roussopoulos. If he had, he would likely not have written so kindly about this anarchist-poseur: Roussopoulos is widely reviled as a con-man by activists in this city.

Black Rose Books began as a collective of a dozen people, but by the early 1970's, most of them had left. This "anarchist" then turned the collective into his own private company. In the 70s, other anarchist publishing projects that tried to collaborate with BRB, such as Detroit's Black & Red, also had their labour ripped-off. In the early 1980s, anarchists tried to recollectivise

hyde park

BRB, but Roussopoulos refused to relinquish financial control and fired them. The boss-worker hierarchy was well entrenched. Black Rose and Roussopoulos were denounced here and in European periodicals as "a family business with anarchist pretensions." In 1984, The journal of the famous Spanish *Federación Anarquista Ibérica* (FAI), *Tiempos Nuevos*, also denounced Roussopoulos for fraudulent use of funds.

Roussopoulos takes the credit, but others do the work. This may explain why as a native English speaker, his writing skills are so poor. His rambling editorials in his newspaper, *Place Publique*, always required a lot of editing. As former editor of the paper, I can say that had it come from anyone but the owner, such writing would have gone straight into the recycling bin.

Building up a business on others' labour is very capitalistic. Roussopoulos exploits more effectively because young idealists - especially those from out of town and less in the know- at first believe it's a worthy project even with anomalies like no workers' management, and a boss drawing a comfortable salary and traveling around the world at company expense.

The Urban Ecology Centre is another of his corporate projects. They claim that "some 30 volunteers worked [on the Urban Ecology Centre] for several months..." They don't mention last summer's crisis when volunteers organised a civil disobedience action and drew attention to the lack of democratic management. Most of these volunteers left and moved on to real activist projects.

There are many anarchists in Montréal that, among other things, publish, do anti-poverty activism, anti-police brutality and prisoner-justice work. They have no working relations with Roussopoulos, and he's never seen at any demos. Instead, he cultivates relations with property developers and politicians, such as the Minister of Immigration, in order to secure company grants and state honours. How else to explain a photo of him standing next to the CEO of the Royal Bank and the Governor-general of Canada? Could it be that Canada and it's largest bank are secretly headed by subversives and anarchists?

Bernard Cooper is a member of Citizens Against Police Brutality, and freelance journalist with Hour *magazine.*

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The McGill Daily

volume 88 number 20

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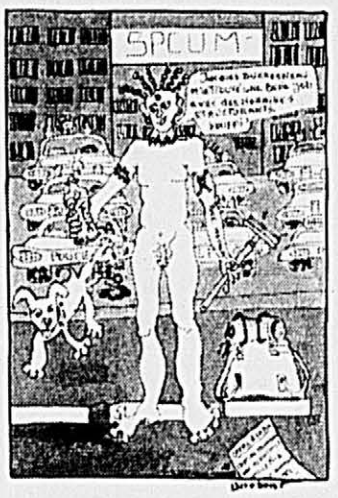
Birobent -- Peinture et Bédé

Lots of colour, Absolutely No Charm

by Julia Dault

I met Martine Birobent, the artist and mind behind *Birobent - peinture et bede* - quite by accident. She was minding her own show at l'Atelier Dell'Arte with one eye on the gallery, and one eye on the very thick novel she put down just to give me the run down on what her art means to her.



***L'enfant volant*- the artist reprepsents herself, her lover and her child as alien-headed creatures.**

Peinture et Bede is her latest work, and each piece is in very bright, very intentional colour. For Birobent, colours stick together. Reds adhere themselves to yellows, blues and greens are velcroed together. In all but one of the pieces in the show, she uses her trademark figure: an unusual being that has a hairless human body and an alien-like head with wavy antenna, or feelers. Her characters, she explains, are always naked because clothes are worthless, "dead and unnecessary." The characters are fit into chaotic urban settings, gardens brimming with flowers, and mythical forests; there's even a mock-Provigo.

Martine Birobent is a raw, self-taught artist who has been exhibiting in Montréal for the past five years, though has been a self-proclaimed artist for the past ten. She is known throughout Montréal as La Peintre du Plateau (in 1995 she did a series of street exhibitions entitled, *Mon Pays C'est le plateau*). Her art is very child-like, imaginative, and fantastical, probably a result of her being an elementary school teacher for 8 years.

Birobent's work is *extremely* personal. She described that the naked alien creatures were herself, her lover, and her 18 year old daughter whose growing up and moving out have deeply affected her sense of self For Birobent being a parent means having an extra-sensory awareness: what you do, say and teach as a mother creates and shapes your offspring. "After they've grown up, there's a void, and all of a sudden you can drink!" she exclaims with a smirk.

Though Birobent's very personal story behind her work of a mother coming to terms with change is touching, the work itself is not. Each piece contains predictable colour, that starts to become blinding until its almost as if its making up for a lack of something.

In *Chez Provichose* a mother is depicted in a grocery store, with an umbilical chord linking her to her floating, smiling child. A fat, ugly chicken looks as if its about to lay an egg in the aisle. A blue bow covers the child's privates. The problem is that in multiple works, the children float again and again, and they all have the same goofy expressions on their faces *L'Enfant Jaune* shows an enormous smiling red mother rocking a too big yellow child in her arms. It is a very obvious colourful scene of yet another silly alien-headed creature.

From Birobines vol. II

Birobent attempts to uncover her world with not only colour but with tongue-in-cheek humour. Her characters have mocking expressions, deformed toes, exaggerated features and ever-exposed genitalia. In *L'enfant volant*, a woman fiddles with her lover's penis; *Dans les Fleurs* depicts a man tickling a women's breasts. Penises are sometimes gift-wrapped, sometimes not. The figures are too similar in every painting, they become tiresome, trying, and after about the fifth figure, they begin to lack charm.

Chez Provichose

(continued on page 11)

Missing in Passion

Ariel Dorfman's *Death and the Maiden*

by Timothy S. Fitzsimmons

PHOTO BY ANDREW DAVIDSON

From *Death and the Maiden*

Chile, 1973: General Augusto Pinochet seizes power from the ruling socialist party and begins a systematic elimination of any political opposition to his reign. Over four thousand students, lawyers, scholars and activists are rounded up and tortured or killed, or both. One of those who escaped: Ariel Dorfman.

When Pinochet was finally removed from office in 1990, Dorfman was able to return to his homeland and begin to come to terms with the horrors that he and his country had lived through: the 'interrogations', the imprisonment, the electrical shock and the rapes. Arguably Dorfman's seventeen year exile from his native Chile ('73-'90) gave him the critical distance necessary to pen the hauntingly powerful *Death and the Maiden*.

The play, which opened this past Monday in frighteningly timely fashion following Pinochet's recent London arrest, is the inaugural show of Tuesday Night Cafe's 98/99 theatre season. *Death and the Maiden* is the story of Paulina Escobar (Mélanie-Ninon Gauthier) and her husband Gerardo Escobar (Andrew Davidson) in a country recently liberated from the grip of dictatorial control. Although notes for the script place it in Chile, Dorfman includes the comment that the play could be set in any country experiencing the same painful transition to democracy.

With the country having just been liberated from authoritarian rule, the atrocities are still fresh in the minds of citizens desperately trying to return to normalcy and to reassemble the pieces of their shattered lives. For Paulina Escobar, as we find out, this will be an immensely complex process. Like the constant crash of the waves on the shore by their beach house, the memories of her pain at the hands of the governments henchmen echoes continually in her mind.

Gerardo Escobar, a lawyer and appointee to the new government's committee to investigate the out-going rulers' human rights violations, is stranded on his way back to his seashore home because of a flat tire. Fortunately or not, he is picked up by Roberto Miranda (Kareem Fahmy), a doctor with a place nearby.

When Roberto later drops by the Escobar house for a late-night drink Paulina's memories of horrors past come flooding back, Soon she believes that their guest was the doctor who inflicted her torture. Taking the matter into her own hands she decrees that there will be a trial and that she will be judge and jury to the man she claims scarred her life forever.

Normally a perusal of a script primarily reveals the dramatic possibilities of the play. Dorfman's play, though written in a furious three weeks, is one of the delightful exceptions that communicates its power even upon reading. The gravity is palpable in the script itself.

While the keen dissent of Ariel Dorfman is something that not even General Augusta Pinochet's reign of terror could dull, it is something that can be destroyed by a poor production. Although there are many reasons why this show should be successful, the TNC production does not communicate any of the urgency present in the original text of Dorfman's script.

Dorfman's script has the rooted realism of a Fo creation, and the power of a play from the likes of Ibsen without the lyricism. The play's central motif, Schubert's *Death and the Maiden* quartet, is a piece of music that is chilling in its own right, even without being contextualized in Dorfman's drama. Further, Dorfman has dramatically structured the piece to be simple and clean, with quick plot advancement.

(continued on page 11)

The Great Evacuation

Life, Liberty and the pursuit of *Happiness*

by Beverly Jose Arcadio Swamp

It was day four of my great white headache, a dragon who would prick clawfully at my sinuses in between tearing up curbs, emasculating sophisticated machinery, and doing his other dragon-like things. I was taking green Tylenols and feeling as oppressed as torn hosery and as unsatisfied as a eunuch in a bawdy house.

Todd Solondz was on the cover of the Mirror last week, in the classic pose of the frazzled indie director, be-glassed and hair all atangle. With the release of his third movie, *Happiness*, and it's awarding of the International Critics Prize at Cannes, this Independent chap is well on his way to the kind of publicity that earns endorsement through analogy to the demi-famous vogues of recent memory. ("The most explosive American film to hit Cannes since *Pulp Fiction* etcetera ad nauseam).

In a world where nearly every independent film company is subsidized and distributed by a Hollywood film company, which is subsequently paired with a record company as a possession of an acronymical multinational conglomerate, it does seem odd to talk about Independence with a capital I at all. The word is just a marketing technique, like saying "sexy and stylish" about what is actually nothing more than a tits and ass movie. But the myth of the Independent continues and far be it from my fat fingers to whimper betrayal.

To be succinct, this movie is exactly the kind of fan-fucking-tastic effluvial under-film that I go for. Champions of the kind of pencil-crayon aesthetic found in *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, Solondz' last film, will find much more of the same in *Happiness*.

The myth of the American family has been satirized for forty years. *Happiness* is a kind of mature post-satire in which the characters are more chalk-drawings on a collage of American fantasies than expressions of human feeling. This of course makes them vehicular, conveyor belts of the phantasmagorical experience of modernity. The more commonplace satires are omitted, because our understanding of the breaches in traditional values is already paratextual, taken for granted, and underwrites our approach to a melodramatic satire of American life.

And it's really dark, too. The film vacillates into rape and fantasies of rape, disenfranchisement, murder, meaninglessness and ultimately pedophilia. I think it rather intelligent to use comedy in this mode; straight drama cannot make you feel the guilt you feel when laughing at something that you really shouldn't be laughing at. It is that guilt which unhinges and makes salient the distasteful parts of ourselves; that guilt of laughter which is Solondz' achievement. You will find yourself laughing at things that would make you cringe if found in a newspaper.

That's a scary feeling, compadre. But it's an important experience that is found only in horror elaborated by the solipsistic banality of life and served on a bed of enamourative comedy.

The plot is dominated by three sisters (Cynthia Stevenson, Lara Flynn Boyle, Jane Adams) and their parents (Ben Gazzara, Louise Lasser). Almost entirely shot in two person dialogues in close and medium close-up, *Happiness* has the singular obsessivism of unlovely everyday life, punctuated with anyday horror. The three sisters populate the panorama of the American dream, from the family nucleus, to the "success" of fame, to the destitution of wormy failure. Most explorations of the cool and superficial ties that bind American family and community center on redeeming the vacuousness of human contact; go see *Pleasantville* if you don't believe me. *Happiness* depicts a space where desires are shameful and real contact uninitiated - the health of human ties is not vacuous, but *evacuated*.

The culminating scene is an articulatory four or five minutes of dialogue between urban patriarch Mr. Maplewood (Dylan Baker) and his son, in which the former admits to raping two of the eleven-year old boy's friends. The talking-head dialogue between mature, suppressive perversion and blunt misunderstanding childhood is an instant of complete truth - concussive and searing dialogue. Good fucking dialogue without the dopamine and seratonin tickling of most film writing.

Exploratory and rodentine, sky-crackingly funny and burdensome, *Happiness* makes some useful and sharp observations about the behaviour of a living America. As fluent as slapstick; as necessary to modern film as socks to shoes; as elaborate and strange as happiness itself; as basic as a simile; the film deserves the back-patting and deep outrage it provokes. Of course, the power is mostly in Solondz' writing, not his technique, but that accusation could be fairly leveled at most of the young directors of our time. Like so many of the enshrined American fringe, Happiness is painted as a miniature giant by critics - the "miniature" legitimates it as art, and the "giant" legitimates it as canonical.

Like my headache, *Happiness* is a good hard talk about independence and satisfaction, as big as a dragon and as small as a sinus. Somewhere in between lies the green Tylenol.

Happiness *is playing at the Egyptien.*

Reviewing *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle*

by Haruki Murakami

Review by Christine M. Stecura

To most people, there is little that is exciting about a water well. Unless you need to get water, it is best to avoid the well, lest you fall into it. However, if you find yourself in the fictitious world of Haruki Murakami, being trapped inside a well may not be such a bad situation. It can be a place where the past, present and the future all unite to deliver an astounding tale that is rich in mystery, adventure, history and fantasy.

In his newest book, *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle*, Murakami dazzles his readers by unveiling the underside of an otherwise boring existence. The book's protagonist, Toru Okada is an ordinary Japanese man living in suburban Tokyo. The 'every-man' is somewhat of a staple in Murakami's literary works: he is educated, but not successful, unsatisfied, yet complacent. Like the water well, the 'every-man' becomes the deceptive guise for a fascinating tale.

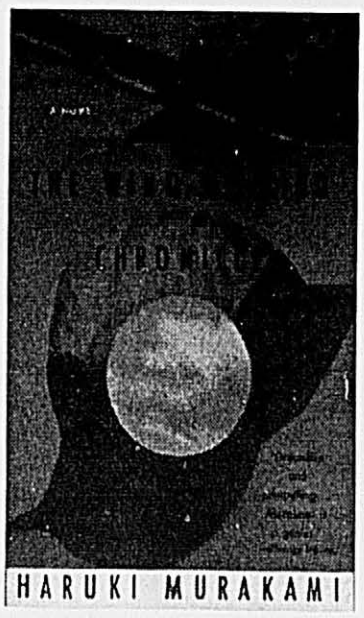
When the story begins, the reader is told that Okada has recently quit his job. He now spends his days swimming laps at the community pool and wandering the neighbourhood searching for his lost cat. To complete the cowboy song his wife suddenly leaves him. Bereft of all the stability he once had, Okada sets out to find his wife only to be confronted with a bizarre assortment of stories and characters which force him to rethink how he defines his reality.

It is said that the author, a pop-icon in his own country, breaks ties with the formal aesthetics of the Japanese literary world. Heavily influenced by American popular literature, Murakami includes many Western cultural references in his book; he alludes to Rossini and Mozart but writes little about Japan's own rich culture.

There is however something about *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* that is distinctively Japanese. The story unfolds in suburban Tokyo during the mid 1980s, within a society that is processing the consequences of its economic success in its relatively young post-war democracy. Murakami responds to the emotionally devoid reality of the economic boom by examining the people who live within the society. He creates a scenario of people aimlessly drifting through life, rushing to catch commuter trains and insanely consuming mass produced goods.

Okada, a member of the Japanese baby boom generation, is a product of the post-war democracy and its phenomenal economic success. Suddenly stripped of every foundation in his life, his confrontation with amazing stories and people forces him to rethink the way he views himself and the world that surrounds him.

In an interview with *Harper's Bazaar* magazine, Murakami says that, "People talk about the atomic bomb, but they don't want



to talk about the massacres in China - I think I have to." Murakami uses this book to question Japan's past involvement and motives for inciting and perpetuating the Pacific War at a time when Japan is emerging from the burst bubble of its economic boom. This is quite bold, when you consider that many of Japan's school textbooks take history into their own hands and neglect to mention important events in Japan's military history such as the Rape of Nanking.

Murakami is able to weave a fantastic tale that explores Japan's past and relates it to the unknowns of present society. He attempts to explain the complexities of modern Japan, knowing that it is near impossible. His contradictory narratives serve to delight the reader, creating an adventure that allows the reader no time to contemplate its plausibility. *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* deserves to be read over numerous times for each reading provides a new understanding and interpretation of the insights and clues into Japanese identity that Murakami alludes to along the way.

The Citizens of the Gara

by B Phillippi

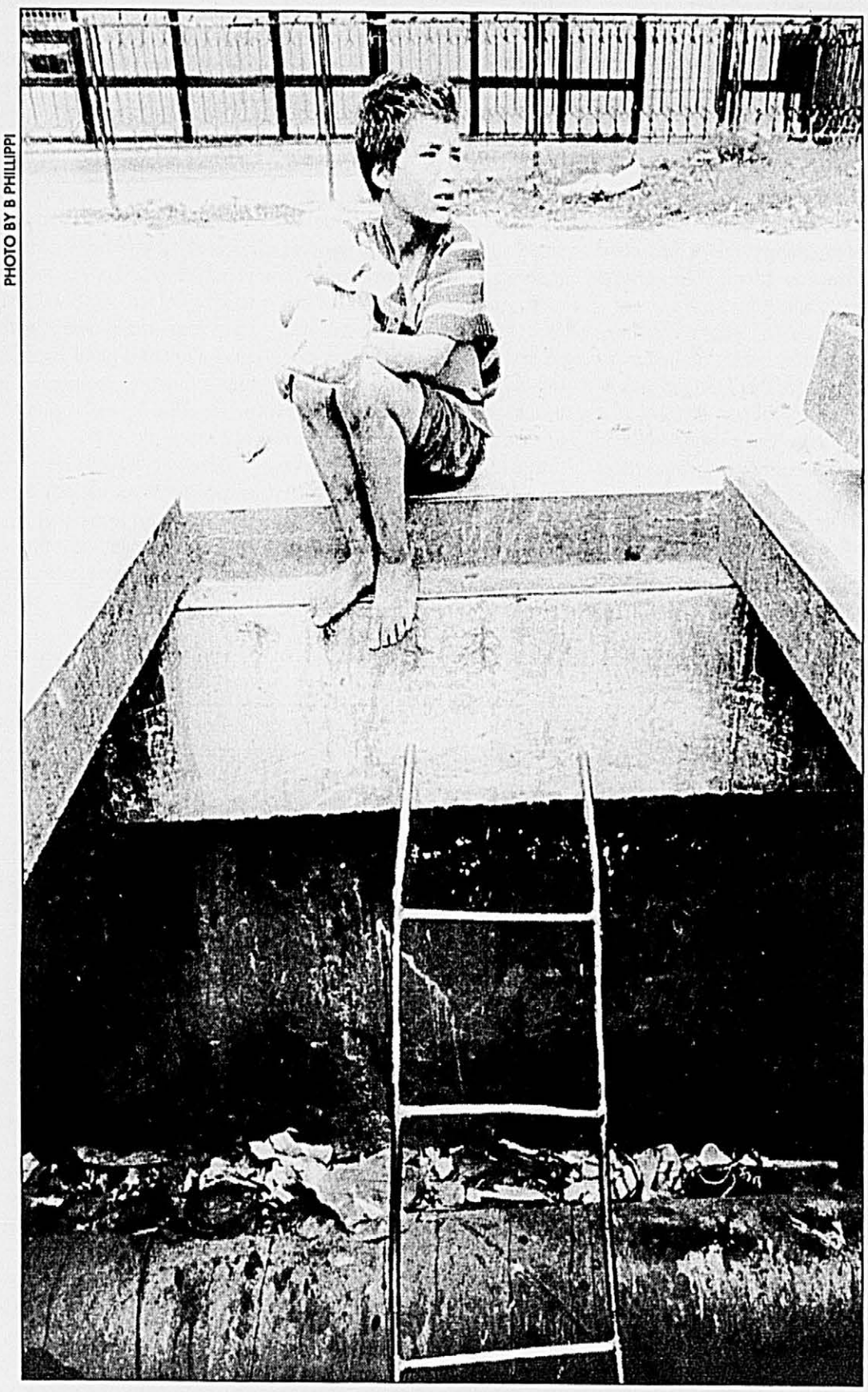


PHOTO BY B PHILLIPPI

"Amidst the crowds of people were scruffy young children dressed in rags and breathing from plastic bags."

Officially Daniel does not exist. His pockets are as empty as his stomach. He could buy identification papers and a passport but he would still remain one of the estimated 4,300 homeless children living in Romania.

Shortly after arriving in Romania, a woman told me of children living in the sewers of Bucharest. I dismissed it as rumour but recalled her words as I waited at the train station for the south-bound train. A young girl played her accordion so sadly on the platform for onlookers who could do little more than listen.

I got off the train in Bucharest at the Gara de Nord. Amidst the crowds of people were scruffy young children dressed in rags and breathing from plastic bags. For those around me, this blatant destitution was everyday: overlooked and dismissed.

Children live in the sewers, at least in the winters. Since it was late May, they drifted the streets in the day and slept outside at night.

And it was here that I met Daniel after visiting orphanages reminiscent of prisons, with locks on their doors and steel bars in their windows. This was the result, I was told, of the drastic improvements made to orphanages over the last ten years. Sitting on a crooked swing in the institutions' deserted play-yard, I started to understand why so many children choose the streets.

There are approximately 10,000 institutionalized children; the result of a dictated past but also of ongoing political impotency. The past communist government implemented policies to encourage the nation's fertility. Families were encouraged to be big and subsidies were provided for each child. But after the 1989 revolution those payments decreased and the cost of living skyrocketed causing many families to disintegrate, inundating orphanages and streets with hungry children.

The Gara de Nord is Bucharest's main train station. It is home to nearly one hundred children living within their own community: unsheltered and discarded by the larger society. One of these children was Daniel who possessed qualities and manners which seemed out of place.

Daniel brought me across town to a place he often mentioned called the City of Hope. But he stopped a block before we arrived, and said he'd wait there. I didn't understand but continued on alone. The City of Hope is a shelter for homeless children run by a woman named Cristine. She told me Daniel had spent a year and a half with them. He'd attended school and been one of the best in the class. All of the staff had liked him and he was one of the most promising children. When I mentioned that Daniel was waiting up the street, she told me that near the end of his stay, he started sniffing paint with some kids down at the Gara de Nord. Despite efforts to help him, his behaviour deteriorated and eventually he stole two bicycles and wasn't allowed to return.

Daniel often mentioned the City of Hope and wanted to return. But there was no space for him and so he continued to live at the Gara de Nord, losing millions of brain cells each day.

I ate lunch with him and his friend Stefania nearly everyday. They were friends, which meant they looked out for one another. Stefania was a true orphan; she had accepted that the Gara was her home for as long as she lives.

By the time The City of Hope said there would be a place for Daniel near the end of summer, he was gone. Daniel had stolen a cassette player and had run away fearing a gang of kids who were looking for him. I asked Stefania where Daniel might be but she didn't know. "But don't worry," she said, "Daniel's clever." And I had to agree, but he is also only fifteen.

"A young girl played her accordion so sadly on the platform for onlookers who could do little more than listen."

PHOTO BY B PHILLIPPI

The life of street kids in Bucharest

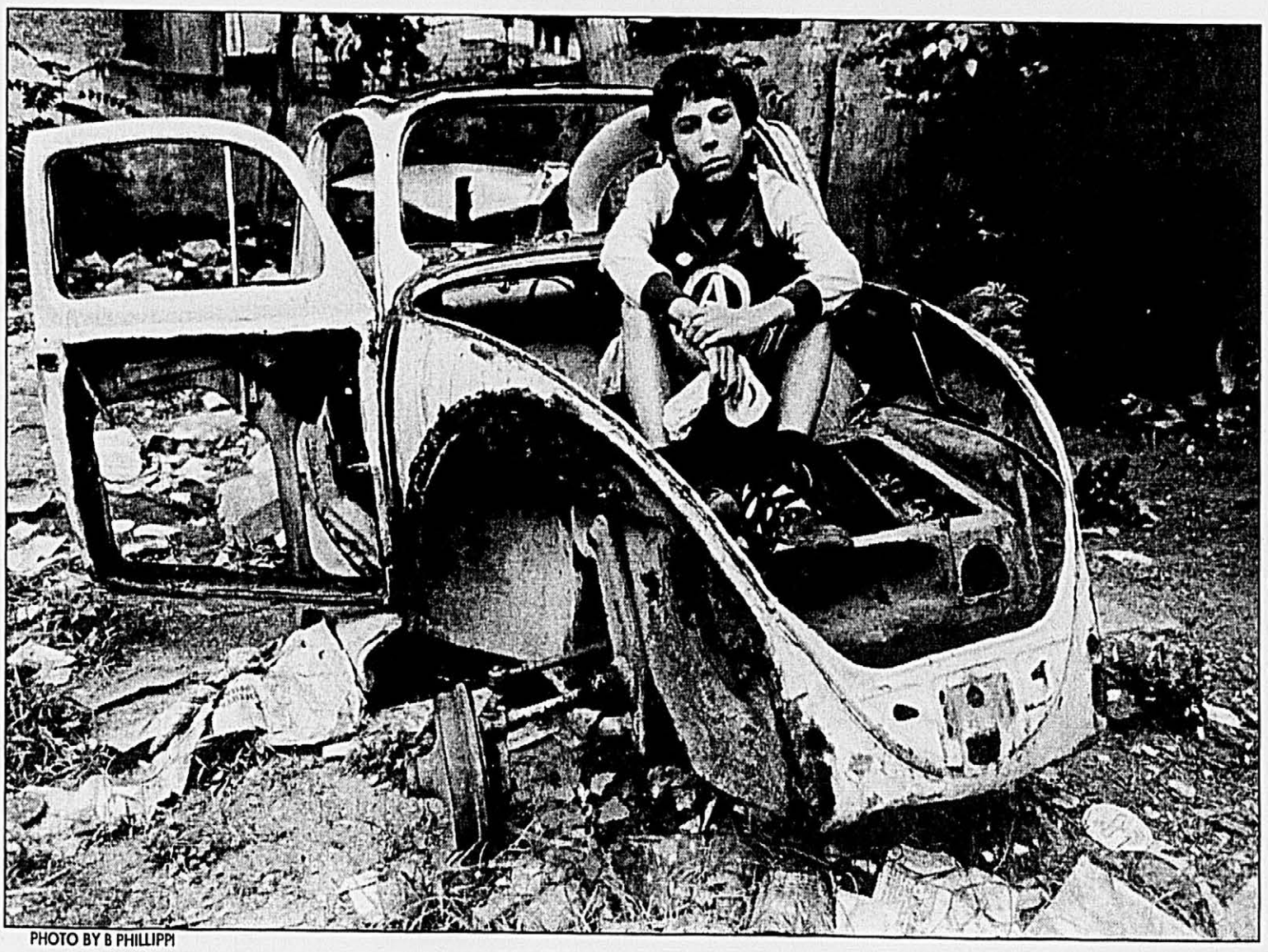


PHOTO BY B PHILLIPPI

"Children live in the sewers, at least in the winters. Since it was late May, they drifted the streets in the day and slept outside at night."

The Platinum Series

Photos Compiled by Lori Braun

The Color of Rain

By Bridget K. Wilson

The Color of Rain continued from last week's Queer Issue

"At first I thought her out bursts were just emotion she couldn't control. I always loved that she's so much more firey than me. When I first met her in high school I called her the fire-breathing dragon. But she was always sweet to me, at least for the first few months or so. Then I'd see her anger flare when I went out with my friends from school. She was so jealous that she wasn't able to see me all the time."

"Mia? Where have you been all this time? I've been waiting for you cuz you're s'pose to be home by three. So what the fuck's going on? It's eleven-thirty!"

"Yeah, I know Z, but I got work for History class. I got that term project due soon. I had to work on it tonight, I told you."

"Bullshit. What? With who? You were with that Corinne bitch weren't you? The one who's all tryin' to be hot, ooooh what a little baby butch. Please, your friends don't have a clue what it's like in the real world. They should try bein' all out when they're looking for jobs- they'll see how fast they get thrown on their asses! C'mon Mia, don't even pretend you don't know what's up with that girl! I seen how she looks at you. Makes me sick!"

And then she started hitting me, on my neck and face and back like she was just so angry she didn't know what else to do. And I kept saying, "Stop, stop, you're hurting me," but I couldn't get my voice out, it was stuck somewhere under my ribs, racing around like a caged bird with no escape. And she'd stop hitting me for a moment, bend close to my ear and hiss, "No, you're hurting me, it's your fault. You go off with all your friends and leave me alone. Is that fair?" I wanted to scream but I didn't want the neighbours in this thin-walled apartment building to hear us fighting. Like they'd tell the landlord and she'd get kicked out and then there'd be nowhere to stay. She doesn't have much money, but I have less. I can't work at the cleaners and be in school and deal with Zoe all at the same time. It takes too much energy, and I have to get a scholarship or else I'll be stuck here forever, it feels like.

"Stop, stop, you're hurting me,"

I don't really have any friends anymore anyway. Zoe's phone got disconnected so no one can call. I managed to tell my mom I was staying at Jane's house a lot to do homework, and Jane would lie for me, but once she wasn't home when my mom called and her parents didn't have a clue who I was so mom got pissed. I never told her about Zoe, but she knew something was wrong. I just couldn't bring myself to tell her. Zoe was threatening to kill herself at that point.

"Mia, I love you. Don't you get it, I love you so much it hurts not to have you be mine. I never meant to hurt you, baby. C'mere, c'mon, it's okay. I'm so sorry, I don't know what got into me. You're the most important person in the world to me. Please don't leave me, don't leave me."

She'd say this, and my heart would melt just a little cuz I knew she was in pain. She looked so fragile sometimes, with her pale skin, and snaky brown hair falling around her shoulders, so small and vulnerable. Like some kind of fallen angel, broken but somehow beautiful. And sometimes when she forced me to have sex, I just floated outside my body, pretended I didn't know her, like she wasn't a person hurting me, just a spirit, a kind of ghost. Afterwards, she'd always say, "I know you wanted that, you're just so shy," and I'd turn to the wall and cry. I never noticed she was completely controlling my emotions. It happened so slowly. By the time I went to a Group Health clinic for domestic violence I was so scared that she'd somehow know. I talked to a woman there, told her I was a victim of abuse. She asked, "How long has he been hurting you physically?"

She'd say this, and my heart would melt just a little cuz I knew she was in pain.

"For about the whole time. Ten years," I said, "but it's not a boyfriend, it's...it's my girlfriend."

"Oh," she said, putting down her pen and looking at me. "Are you sure this is abuse? Have you ever fought back?"

June 1988, Seattle

"zoezoezoe zoe zoe zoe!!! Put down the knife now!"

"No, Mia, if you leave I swear I'll do it! You've driven me to it, damn you!"

"Zoe, I have to leave. I'm going to college. I got a scholarship at Berkeley and I have to go. I won't forget you."

"I'll make sure you don't!" Zoe jumps down from her seat on the kitchen counter and advances, holding up the carving knife. Finally some instinct of self-defense in Mia kicks in and she grabs Zoe's wrist, knocks the knife to the floor and shoves her back against the wall. "You can't do this anymore!" she shouts and runs from the apartment in terror of both Zoe and herself.

I never noticed she was completely controlling my emotions.

"The Lesbian Resource Center began an outreach program for women of color in 1984 called Prism," Mia reads in a brochure she picked up at Group Health. She decides to go before she loses her nerve. "Oftentimes women are told that fighting back in self-defense constitutes mutual battering and that one woman can never really harm another," a speaker at the LRC says. "Do not believe that. Abuse in any form is abuse, not love."

October 1998, Seattle

Zoe is looking for Mia's performance at the Market Theater. On the ramp leading down form the market they suddenly come face to face. "Where are you going?" Zoe blurts. Mia answers, "I'm not in the show tonight, I'm leaving."

"You haven't returned my calls," Zoe half-whines.

"I know Zoe, that's cuz this is over. All of this. There's nothing else to say."

"I told you if you ever left me for good, I'd tell your mom about you being a dyke."

"She knows, Z. I told her. There's nothing else to say now."

"Mia, what about my love for you?"

"Zoe, don't. We've both got to move on. It's been twelve years but it's over. I'm not afraid of you anymore, and I've got people who support me. You know this. So leave me alone. Go on." The bus flashes by in the corner of two buildings. "I've gotta catch that."

Zoe, speechless, stands open-mouthed in the rain, a statue as the veil of night closes up the sky.

DROP OFF SUBMISSIONS FOR CREATIVE SPACE AT THE DAILY OFFICE IN THE CREATIVE WRITING MAIL BOX.

EVENTS

Thursday, October 29

Don't miss out on the final performances of The Player's Theatre production *The Board*. The play is running Thursday Oct. 29 until Saturday Oct.31 at 8:30 pm. Come to the Players Theatre, 3rd floor of the Shatner building for an entertaining evening. Tickets are $7. For reservations call 398-6813.

McGill Students for Organic Food will be holding an informational update session at 4 pm, in Shatner, rm.310. Come find out how you can help establish a non-profit organic food store for students at McGill.

The Allegra Chamber Music Series will present its first concert of the 1998-99 season, chamber music by Mendelssohn, Eggleston and Schumann. At 8 pm at Redpath Hall. Admission is free. For info call 484-0333.

Friday, October 30

On October 30, 1938 The Planet Earth was invaded by men from Mars. There will be a live reading of H. G. Wells' War of the Worlds featuring Montréal actors and semi-celebrities. At the McGill Bookstore, 3420 McTavish, 7:30 pm, 2nd floor coffee area. Open discussion from 9 to 9:45. Voluntary donations to Breast Cancer Action Montréal. Suggested donation 7$ single, 11$ double. For more info call Byron Toben at 288-3896.

The C.G Jung Society of Montréal is pleased to announce that Marion Woodman, the renowned Jungian analyst and author will be speaking on the theme of The Inner Marriage. The lecture will take place at 7:30-10 pm in H-110 of the Hall Building, at Concordia University. General admission is 12$, students 6$. For further information call 481-8664

Monday, November 2

Queer Grad Caucus. Interested in meeting other queer graduate students and their friends to discuss queer issues? Meet at 7 pm upstairs in Thomson House. For more info, please call 398-6822 or visit our web site at: limex.meteo.mcgill.ca:8080/steph/qgc.html or send e-mail to steph@zephyr.meteo.mcgill.ca

General/SAC/DMD/OCD Support Groups for families of the mentally ill, for sibling and adult children, for those with depression and manic depressions and for those with obsessive compulsive disorder and their families. The support groups meet at 7:30 pm, Cote Ste. Catherine. For info call 486-1448.

Wednesday, November 4

McGill Students for Literacy will be raising awareness for literacy by holding an Open Mic/Read-a-Thon on from 10am to 4pm on the steps of the Redpath Museum. Donations can be made on the Arts steps at that time. For more info, call Carol Cheyne at 845-3214 or the MSL office at 398-5100

Thursday, November 5

Come find out how to get involved at Le Frigo Vert this year! You can educate people on the politics of food, you can bake yummie treats, you can be on a committee, or you can help us with cleaning and recycling! Meet at 2 pm at 2030 mackay, 3rd floor (Graduate Students' Association)For info call: 848-7586

Ongoing

The Project invites you to join in the creation of the International Festival for Humanity. The event will take place at McGill and in five other cities around the world in April 1999. Are you interested in political, social, economic, health, or religious issues around the world? And/ or dance, art, writing, music? We're looking for anyone interested in shakin' the world? Come and join us. For more info please call Mauricio of Brad at 844-1610.

Queer Line. A confidential and non-judgmental service for those questioning their sexual orientation, wanting help coming out, seeking information, looking to help a friend, or just wanting to chat with someone who understands. 398-6822

The Poumon-9 Line is a bilingual help line for smokers, ex-smokers, their family and friends. Operative Monday to Friday 2 to 9 p.m.

The Women's Group: meets Thursdays at 6 p.m. in room 423 of Shatner. All queer women welcome!

The Men's Group: meets Fridays at 7 p.m. in the basement of UTC (3521 University) All queer men welcome!

The Bi Group: meets Wednesdays at 5:30pm in rm 423 in Shatner. People of all genders are encouraged to attend.

The Coming-Out Group: meets Fridays at 5:30 pm in rm 423 in Shatner. For people of all genders who are just coming out, or who are uncertain about their sexuality.

The McGill Eating Disorder Unit offers its support groups free of charge to both McGill and non-McGill students aged 18 years or older. For more info or to join call 398-1050.

Outreach to Inmates: Bordeaux jail Protestant Chaplaincy invites McGill students to form a support group for preventitive detention inmates. Thursdays 1-4. Call Gwenda Wells, 398-4104.

Canada World Youth is conducting its annual recruitment campaign. The deadline is November 20th. Call 931-3933.

Parenthese is a parent support group which provides an opportunity for parents of young children to get together. Call Cyndy Spilberg at 934-0354 ext. 354

The Atwater Library Book Sale Room is selling quality used books at reasonable prices. The Sale Room is open Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. at the Atwater Library on 1200 Atwater. For more information, call 935-7344.

The Canadian Centre for Architecture is continuing their exhibition *The American Lawn: Surface of Everyday Life*, a multimedia show offering a fascinating new perspective on the mundane but all-important institution of the lawn. Visitors will be able to participate in an architectural tour of the CCA, Shaughnessy House and the outdoor sculpture garden, as well as partake in other activities. For more information, call 939-7000.

La Galerie VOX is presenting *Déplacements*: an exhibition focusing on the hybrid practices that transform the photographic image. In the chosen works, the artists are submitting the fixed image to several deplacements; some are deployed in different places and times, acquiring history and volume, becoming interactive, encrusting their presence in the walls, installing themselves in the floor and floating in space. La Galerie VOX is at #301 460 Ste-Catherine West. The exhibition is open to the public.

Calls for Volunteers

The Daily invites all interested parties to come and help out with writing, photos, or layout. Drop by the office at Shatner B-03 or call 398-6784.

The CLSC NDG/Montréal West is presently looking for volunteers to assist individuals with different needs on a one-to-one basis or to help with office/reception work. Tasks range from accompaniment of clients, food shopping, meal preparation to running small errands and clerical work. For more information, call the CLSC Volunteer Coordination office at 485-7811, ext. 1015 or 1020.

If you love babies or want experience working with infant twins, CLSC René-Cassin needs you. The organization is seeking volunteers to work one-on-one with overwhelmed families who recently have had twins in the West End. Patience, reliability and experience with this age group is necessary. Call Elizabeth at 488-9163 ext. 351 for more information.

Help stop elder abuse! The Elder Abuse Info-line is seeking bilingual volunteers to help seniors in need and raise awareness around elder abuse and seniors' rights. As a volunteer, you will receive appropriate training, develop communication skills and be part of a dynamic volunteer team. For more information, call Heather Hart at 488-9163 ext. 360.

Volunteer to be a Best Buddy! Best Buddies creates friendships between people with developmental disabilities and college students. For more information, e-mail bb@ssmu.mcgill.ca

Santropol Roulant is looking for volunteers interested in helping deliver meals to those who are living with a loss of autonomy. With project GO, student involvement is facilitated by bringing meals to the Shatner Building. Meals are delivered by foot in teams of two. Those interested are encouraged to call Genevieve at 282-0245.

Contactivity Centre for Seniors, is looking for volunteers and donations. Activities include, a telephone check up service, community involvement for elders, social development, health and physical well being programs and home support services. Contact 932-3433 for more info.

The Shalom Line is looking for patient and compassionate listeners, over 20 years of age, to volunteer on their confidential, anonymous listening line. If you are interested in getting involved call 735-3541

Mines Action Canada is sending out a challenge to students and professors to come up with new or improved technologies to detect and remove land mines. Preliminary proposals are due November 30. Contact Mary Foster at (613)-234-6755.

Call for volunteers at Atwater Library and Computing Centre. Three hours a week only. Pick up an application at the circulation desk or call Susan McGuire, 937-3169.

Volunteers wanted for YM-YWHA Computer Drop-In Centre. Volunteers must be computer literate and enjoy working with teens. Call Abba at 737-6551, ext.230.

Lots of color, no charm
continued from page 4

The launching of Birobent's latest book of bandes desinées was the strongest part of the show. The book is a cynical, if not comical look at Montréal society. There's one that shows a squeegee kid with the tattoo "Fuck les Coch!" on his arm. There is a brigade of sinister cop cars lined up in the background. One drawing called, *Branchez-vous*, shows a man vigorously masturbating to his computer, the screen reads "Http://xxx". The book sells for 5 dollars, and is well worth it. Quick sketches, muted colours, and inventiveness fill the pages, comments range from ironic political satires to ones that verge on poetry. In *Birobineries vol. II*, Birobent is at her best. The book is a collection of spontaneous creations.

By the end of the show, I wanted to shake the silly headed figures, even rescue them from their overcrowded, overdone asylums.

Birobent's *peinture et bede* starts out bright and strong, but eventually burns out. There is no subtlety here, nothing to discover. The quirky creatures stare out at you in all their naked insolence and you want to slap them silly and paint them black.

Birobent peinture et bede *will be showing at L'Atelier Dell'Arte until November 1st. 10, ave des Pins ouest #312.*

Elections

The following positions are open on the McGill Daily Editorial Board:

- Copy Editor (2)
- Culture Editor(2)
- On-Line Office Manager

Candidates Must Be Staff Members.

To find out about becoming part of The Daily family, stop by the Daily staff meeting on Thursday, October 29, @5:30 p.m. in Shatner B-03

Death and the Maiden, continued from page 4

The TNC production has a number of elements that undercut these possibilities of Dorfman's award-winning show. First, the characterizations leave the audience at a loss to delineate character from caricature. Hyper-subtle acting is something that is best reserved for film, not the stage. Secondly, a number of incongruous technical glitches on opening night served to wrench the audience out of the world of the play and into the world of Morrice Hall. And finally, Schubert's' *Death* quartet is used only twice, leaving the audience struck during intermission not with the force of the quartet but with some completely irrelevant jazz.

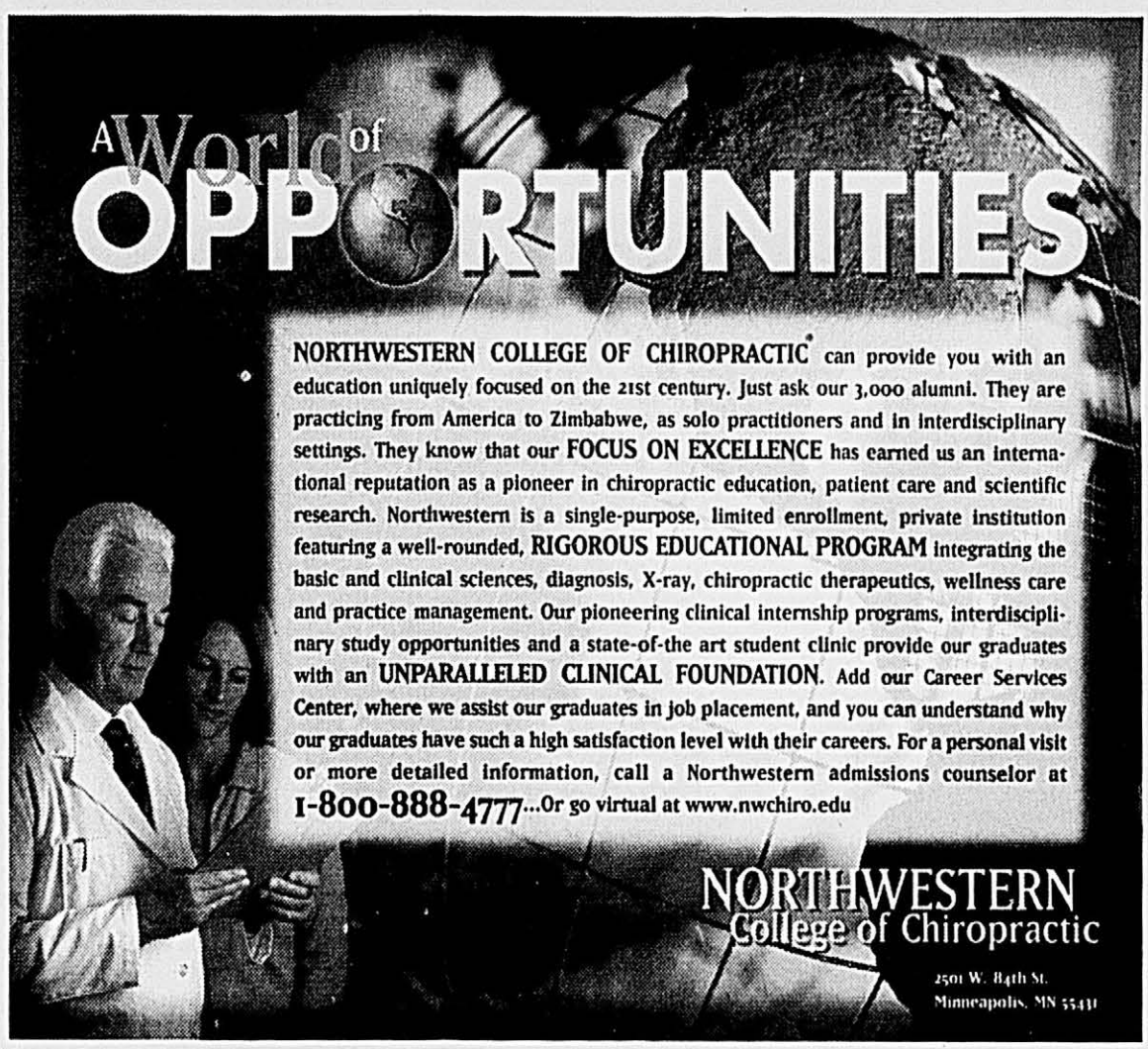
Make no mistake about it, this is a play about power. The power seized by Pinochet; the power used to inflict horrors on others; the power to separate truth from fiction; and the power to determine one's actions without undue interference.

Thus, the efficacy of the script lies in its honesty. There is no need for histrionics or affection in a show like this because if it is played honestly then the power arises out of the real pain (tragically so) that these people experience.

A show like *Death and the Maiden* should take the audience to places that they may not feel comfortable going. In Dorfman's play this takes the form of accompanying the characters through the painful recounting of the torture that Paulina suffered.

Death and the Maiden depends on passion. Passionate struggle for life, freedom and truth; a passion that should leave the audience breathless. And unfortunately, passion was the ingredient lacking in the TNC offering, the audience remaining unmoved and apathetic.

Death and the Maiden, written by Ariel Dorfman and directed by O.J. Kerr, continues at Morrice Hall until Saturday October 31. 3485 McTavish Street. Tickets $8, Students/Seniors $6. Call 398-6600 for reservations and show times.



daily classifieds

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students & Staff (with valid ID): $4.75 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, $4.25 per day. General Public: $6.00 per day, or $5.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, prices include applicable GST or PST. Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over $20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER. The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

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Waitress/Barmaid needed for Karaoke Bar Tycoon. Part-time & weekends 849-8094.

Group Leader Needed
For Dawson Israel Semester Program. January 4 to May 17, 1999. Qualifications: Experience in working with youth; Previous visit to Israel; Knowledge of Hebrew. Contact Dawson College 931-8731, N. Parry local 1472 or 486-2076.

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advertising:
398-6790

McGill University
Dean of the Faculty of Law

Nominations and applications are invited for the position of Dean of the Faculty of Law of McGill University. The appointment, effective 1 June 1999, is normally for a five-year term and may be renewed.

The Faculty of Law was established in 1848. Today, at its sesquicentennial, if offers a liberal education in both the civil law and the common law traditions. The Faculty has just announced a new undergraduate curriculum emphasizing the intellectual foundations of western private law traditions and highlighting the theoretical dimensions of both transnational and local legal vernaculars. It will then be the only law faculty teaching both the civil law and the common law, in both English and French, in an integrated programme leading to the award of both a Bachelor of Civil Law (BCL) and a Bachelor of Law (LLB) degree.

Programmes of graduate study are offered within the Institute of Air and Space Law (established in 1951) and the Institute of Comparative Law (established in 1965) leading to the degrees of Master of Civil Law (MCL), Master of Law (LLM) and Doctor of Civil Law (DCL). The Institutes are the loci of two research centres: the Centre of Air and Space Law and the Quebec Research Centre of Private and Comparative Law.

The Faculty of Law has a permanent teaching staff of 36, plus term appointees, visitors and part-time lecturers. There are approximately 500 undergraduate and 185 resident graduate students, as well as several post-doctoral fellows. The student body is drawn from across Canada, the United States and many other jurisdictions.

The Dean is responsible to the Vice-Principal (Academic) for the supervision and administration of the academic programs, budgets, and all activities of the Faculty. Candidates should have appropriate scholarly and administrative experience; ability to function in both French and English is required.

McGill is committed to equity in employment.

In accordance with Canadian immigration requirements, this advertisement is directed in the first instance to Canadian citizens and permanent residents.

Nominations and applications will be more useful if accompanied by a detailed curriculum vitae and the names of three referees, and should be submitted by 15 December 1998 to:

Dr. T. H. Chan
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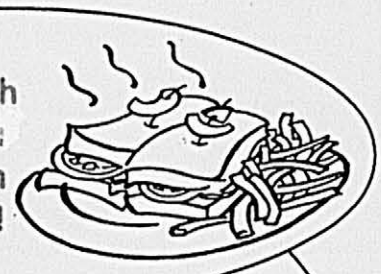

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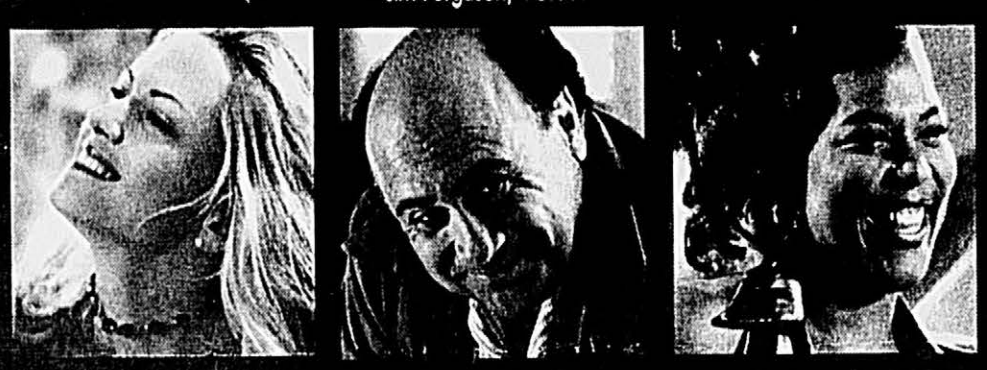

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Climatic change:
a view from polar ice cores

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Room 232, Leacock Building
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The public is welcome.
No tickets required.

Information: Jennifer Towell, 398-3569

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